Once upon a time,

So runs the story,

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# With the Busy World

The Rev end Doctor Snow. A preach , And teacher Of the Word, Found his discourses were getting slow And falling on dull ears, unheeded. Persons in the pews, Even the deacons, Would take a snooze. So the good Doctor wondered what was needed To rouse the spirit and the flock awaken Ere all by Satan should be overtaken.

The Doctor's tipple had been tea, A mild Bohea. He tried Gunpowder And talked much louder; Pounded the pulpit pillow Till the dust flew all about. Still the congregation, Without cessation, Snored on, though he would shout And roar like angry ocean's billow.

One day he read our "ad" Telling the virtues of our Jersey Coffee. He did not scoff; he Bought a package and good Mrs. Snow And he sat down to drink. How he did think! His mind was all aglow; He saw no more as by a candle dim, But all was clear as an electric glim.

And when he preached The thoughts he reached Were as with gold bedight; And ideas new, with illustrations bright, He gave unto his flock each Sunday morn and night.

No slumber in the pews! now, every deacon Heard all the speakin',
And taking the Doctor's hand
Said "Good land! That sermon's full of power, And from this hour We calkilate, an' reckon—an' it follers— We'll have to raise ye jest two hundred dollars."

The experience of Reverend Doctor Snow here given may be yours.

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It is a choice, carefully selected berry, browned (not ground), and put up in grounds remains a suggestion of the times of Willis. The famous pine-drive leading packages.

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OPERA-HOUSE ENGLISH'S MATINEE, BEGINNING THURSDAY, MARCH 24.

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Balcony, 50c; Gallery, 25c. M

MR. BOK'S LITERARY GOSSIP

The Home in Which a Famous Poet Entertained Writers of a Past Period.

Where E. P. Roe Lived and Wrote His Novels-A Novelist's Grave-Amelia E. Barr's Mountain Home-News of the Inner Circles.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal. CORNWALL, N. Y., March 18 .- The literary associations which cluster around a small community are ofttimes very interesting. and especially is this true of the several towns which border on the banks of the Hudson river. Outside of New England, perhaps, there is no Eastern locality which is so fraught with literary memories as 18 this old sleepy town of Cornwall.

It is now nearly forty-five years ago that Nathaniel P. Willis first made known his Idlewild" retreat, and more than twentyfive years have passed since he left it to be taken to Mount Auburn, near Boston. The "Idlewild" of to-day is still green to the memory of the poet. Since Willis's death the place has passed in turn into various hands, until now it is the home of a wealthy New York lawyer. who has spent thousands of dollars on the house and grounds. The old house still stands, and here and there in the to the mansion, along which the greatest literary lights of the Knickerbocker period passed during its palmy days, still remains intact, the dense growth of the trees only making the road the more picturesque. The brook at which Willis often sat still runs through the grounds as of yore. In the house everything is remodeled and modernized. The room from whose windows Willis was wont to look over the Hudson, and where he did most of his Hudson, and where he did most of his charming writing, is now a bed-chamber, modern in its every appointment and suggesting its age only by the high ceiling and curious mantel. Visitors are now denied the grounds, a forbidding sign announcing to the wanderer that the 125 acres of "Idlewild" are "Private Grounds." This restriction was found necessary, one of the occupants informed me, because of the liberties taken by visitors, who still come, almost every week, to see the place made famous by the "dude poet of the Hudson," as he is still called by the old residents of Cornwall.

THE HOME OF E. P. ROE. Only a few city blocks from Idlewild is the house where lived E. P. Roe, the author of so many popular novels, as numerous almost in number as the several hundreds of thousands of circulation which they secured. The Roe house is unoccupied, and has been since the death of the novelist. For a time the widow and some members of her family resided there, but Mrs. Roe now lives in New York, and the Cornwall place is for sale. There are twenty-three acres to it in all, and, save what was occupied by the house, every inch of ground was utilized by the novelist in his hobby for fine fruits and rare flowers. Now nothing remains of the beauty once so characteristic of the place. For four years the grounds have missed the case of their creator. Where once were the novelist's celebrated strawberry beds are now only grass and weeds. Everything is grown over, only a few trees remaining as evidence that the grounds were ever known for their cultivated products. A large board sign announces the fact that the entire place is for sale, but the price of \$25,000 asked for it by the estate is forbidding to purchasers, the natives of Cornwall tell me. The Roe place is in the heart of the village, and as one reaches it from his descent of the mountain the regret comes that the novelist did not throw his tent on the higher grounds just behind the place he selected.

It is but a few steps from the home where he wrote his noted books, raised his delicious fruits, and passed away that E. P. Roe is buried. His grave is in the little Presbyterian cemetery of the village, close on the banks of the Hudson. The spot is one of the most beautiful imaginable. Overarched by trees, the ground has a gradual slope towards the river, while a fifteen-mile view up the Hudson reveals itself. It is easy to understand how one so thoroughly in love with nature as was the novelist should wish at his death to sleep in such a nook, carved out, one might easily imagine, by nature herself, for her ardent admirer. Everything about the plot shows that the place is not forgotten. A large block of grante marks the river, while an it has name is carved twice, the first, "Edward Payson Roe," as a family record, while the second, "E. P. Roe," at the base of the stone, indicates the public man. At pied, and has been since the death of the novelist. For a time the widow and some at the base of the stone, indicates the public man. At the left side of the author repose his mother and father, while a dozen
other smaller monuments show that it is
the family burying ground. It is, indeed,
a spot of beauty—just the niche in a vast
country where the author of "Near to Nature's Heart" should rest.

AN AUTHOR'S MOUNTAIN HOME. Away up on the mountain side, flanked on the right by Storm King mountain and on the left by Deer Hill, is the pretty roadside cottage home of Amelia E. Barr. The place is a mute testimony of the novelist's success, it having been bought by her last spring from the profits of her literary work. It stands some six hundred feet above the Hudson, with a view of landscape that stretches to the Cats-kills. Here, where one feels closer to his Creator and farther from his fellowmen, Mrs. Barr writes the stories which bring her an income of over \$8,000 a year and make her one of the most successful novelists of the day. In the upper part of the house is her study, and during the summer daylight finds her at her desk. Four mer daylight finds her at her desk. Four in the morning is not considered too early an hour by Mrs. Barr to have her pen in hand, provided it is daylight. In winter she begins at 7. Her days are methodical. She writes by hand all morning, and at 1 sits down to the best dinner procurable. Then, for an hour, she plays at her organ, when she returns to her study her organ, when she returns to her study and transfers her morning work to the type-writer. Then comes a drive, then a light repast, while the evening is given over to her family and such friends as may drop in. Two of Mrs. Barr's daughters reside with her—an unmarried girl of twenty-three years, and her married daughter, Mrs. Morgan. No men are about the place, a magnificent English mastiff, almost the size of a young horse, acting as protector. size of a young horse, acting as protector.
Inside the home comfort reigns supreme.
Flowers are profuse, and so are books.
Periodicals fill tables and stands, and in every respect it is a literary home.

LITERARY TOILETS AND CITY LIFE. It is a noticeable fact that our literary workers are more and more tending towards homes away from the cities for doing their literary work. There is no question that city life and its interruptions is distracting to literary man or weman, and he must be a skillful workman who can follow his craft and fulfill at the same time the social obligations which a home in the city exacts. The one is undoubtedly incompatible with the other. Frank R. Stockton found it out, and moved to New Jorsey. Henry M. Alden, the editor of "Harper's Magazine," has for years lived in Jersey, and never returns to New York once he leaves it for the day. George William it for the day. George William Curtis and William Winter, live on that he always avoids the town when he writes a story, and hies away to a suburban retreat. Rider Haggard writes his stories also under rural seclusion. Mary E. Wilkins does all her literary work in her New England counter home.

Maine. It is unquestionably true that the wise author is he who lives away from the wise author is he who lives away from the great cities, far enough away to secure seclusion and yet sufficiently near to be in touch with the publishers and editors. Two or three of our prominent New York authors are finding this out, and next season will find a still stronger tendency on the part of literary workers to forsake the metropolis. A home in a great city means the loss of valuable time and money to the average literary worker. While from its life and people he may get the incidents for his work, he is sensible if he has a suburban home to which he can fly and work out his material and avoid the distracting interruptions of city life.

tracting interruptions of city life. LITERARY PLANS AND GOSSIP. I understand that Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee has completed about one-half of the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee upon which he has been engaged for some time for the Appletons. It will probably be the new year before the book is on the market.

There is a pleasing prospect in the fact which I incidentally learned a few days ago that the Hon. Cari Schurz is engaged in writing his "Reminiscences of Public Men and Events." Mr. Schurz's life has been a busy one; he has been associated with famous measures, his knowledge of men is wide, and his observation of that keen character which sees and remembers. Such a book by one so well able to write it would have a distinct literary and historical value.

What promises to be a notable article on the development of modern fire-arms will shortly come from the pen of Dr. Richard J. Gatling, the inventor of the famous Gatling gun. The article will appear in one of the popular magazines.

Clinton Scollard, who is perhaps the most talented of the younger school of poets, will shortly put through the press a volume

of his Oriental poems.

In his home in Georgia Gen. James Longstreet now devotes most of his time to literary work. The result of the winter's
work will probably be a narrative embodying General Longstreet's experiences,
to be called "A Soldier Under Two Flags," certainly a most attractive title for a war

book.

Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer's Century articles on English cathedrals and their architecture are being collected, and will probably be brought out in the autumn in book form. Speaking of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work, it is not generally known, I think, that much of the art criticism appearing in the New York Sun is from her

Dr. Theodore L. Cnyler's later sermons as a Brooklyn pastor are being prepared by the divine for publication in a book. EDWARD W. BOK.

### [Copyright.] MARY ANDERSON'S DEBUT.

Her Old Manager Gives Some Reminiscences of Her First Engagement in New York.

They came on from Boston, and I met them at the Sturtevant Hotel. They were like a party of country people visiting New York for the first time—anxious, suspicious, afraid of being imposed upon and nervously desirous of convincing me that they were not at all astonished, nor bewildered, nor strange in the great metropolis. Dr. Griffin was eager for money; Mary was eager to act; Mrs. Griffin had the brains of the party, and was evidently a Kentucky lady. I offered such fair terms that Dr. Griffin was afraid there might be some trap in them. Finally a contract was signed and the rehearsals began. Stephen Fiske, in the Metropolitan.

Mary Anderson was then alvery tall, beautiful girl; her figure undeveloped; her voice a deep contralto, her self-possession remarkable. She reminded me of a thoroughbred colt before it had been trained into racing form. She confided to me that she liked applause, and knew how to secure it by raising her powerful voice and shouting at the gallery. This was literally all she did know of the art of acting. She was childishly jealous of more experienced actresses and thoroughly conscious of the advantages of her youth and beauty. But her mother was more beautiful and had much more grace, tact and refinement.

ful and had much more grace, tact and refinement.

"The Lady of Lyons" was selected for her New York debut on Nov. 12, 1877. The scenery was in stock, for Miss Neilson, Miss Davenport and Edwin Booth had previously played the piece at the Fifth-avenue. When Miss Anderson heard this she insisted that all the doors, windows and stairs should be changed. She could not act on the same side of the stage as Miss Neilson. She could not go up the stairs L. C., like Miss Davenport. It was impossible to humor these whims without reconstructing the theater, so I hit upon the easy expedient of devising imaginary scenes for Miss Neilson and Miss Davenport. Then Miss Anderson wanted them all different, and so it happened that the stock scenes were different and were joyfully accepted. All this was like a child playing at acting.

Miss Anderson was then inordinately fond of the theater. To come into it immediately after breakfast; rehearse all the day; see a performance at night, and sit in front, talking things over, long after all the lights, except those of the nightwatchman, had been put out—this was her idea of enjoyment. Her costumes for Pathne were something terrible. I begged her to go to Lord & Taylor's and buy dresses for "The leady of Lyons" but her mother.

were something terrible. I begged her to go to Lord & Taylor's and buy dresses for "The Lady of Lyons;" but her mother resented my managerial interference, and assured me that the Louisville people greatly admired Mary's magnificent costumes. It was impossible not to laugh at such simplicity, and equally possible not to be charmed by it.

Miss Anderson was so utterly unknown in New York that, on the first night, there was only a \$300 house. However, I had papered it into a large audience, and Mary played straight at them and was much applayed. The hit of the play was made when she thundered through the cottage

when she thundered through the cottage scene after the marriage.

After counting up the house with Dr. Griffin, I invited the party to supper. The doctor and myself went across to their lodgings for the ladies, and found the young American tragedienne sitting on a trunk and eating a cold pork chop from her fingers. She was too tired to dress for Delmonico's and we had supper at the nearest restaurant. On the way the windows of and we had supper at the nearest restaurant. On the way the windows of a candy store attracted her, and we stopped for some molasses candy. To see the future queen of the stage eating molasses candy and raw oysters alternately was a study for an æsthetic manager. But she enjoyed both as thoroughly as she then enjoyed acting, and looked perfectly lovely with her elbows on the table.

Modieska was engaged to follow Mary

Modjeska was engaged to follow Mary Anderson and I was unfortunate enough to recommend the young tragedienne to study the finished methods of the Polish actress. This caused a coolness between ns which lasted for several years. Before Modjeska made her great success in "Camille," and while she was playing to empty seats, Miss Anderson would stalk into the theater, look around complacently and remark cheerfully: "Your great actress does not draw any

better houses than the rough American girl, does she?" Be Careful How You Use Vaseline,

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Ladies should be careful how they use vaseline on the face, for the result of a vaseline on the face, for the result of a number of experiments has induced the suspicion that a persistent use of it will cause hair to grow on almost any part of the face. There have been instances known of ladies inducing a heavy growth of hair on the upper lip and chin by using vaseline to drive away pimples. Like some other medicines, vaseline is too new to allow of all its properties being yet known, but the fact that it will induce a growth of hair if persistently used seems to be well of hair if persistently used seems to be well known. You might recommend it to your bald-headed friends, however.

### Misplaced Charity.

Charity of the sidewalk is the poorest sort of charity. It is a curse to him who Staten island, and thus secure seclusion.

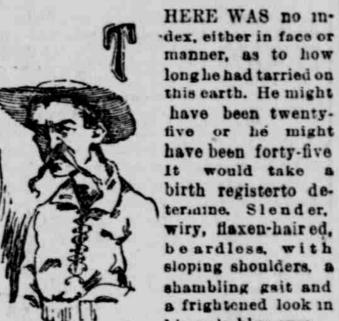
Bret Harte told me in London last summer frauds whose fictitions tale of weekless to the gives and him who takes. It takes so vented to arouse sympathy and open pocket-books, is the only interesting thing

about them. Mrs. Korer's Discovery.

## THE LONE STATION-TENDER

True Story of the Early Days on the Famous Wells-Fargo Stage Line.

Goose Creek John's" Adventure with a Pand of Thieving Cheyennes-Monttor Fort and Dug-Out-Two Good Indians Discovered.



shambling gait and a frightened look in his pale-blue eyes. Such was "Goose Creek John" in 1865-6-7, though an examination of the pay-rolls of the Wells-Fargo Stage Company, then operating the stage-line from the Western terminus of the Kansas Pacific to Denver, to discovera more Christian appellation, and even then one could not be sure of finding his baptismal name if John had

ever even undergone that ceremony. During the years mentioned, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had been carrying on a series of depredations on the plains of western Kansas and Nebraska and eastern Colorado, and had captured over four hundred horses and mules from the Wells-Fargo Company on the Smoky Hill route, and had killed many stationmen stock-tenders, stage drivers and express

route, and had killed many stationmen, stock-tenders, stage drivers and express messengers. Stock-tending became so hazardous alife at lonely, far-away stationa that any one who would take the job could count on a hundred and fifty dollars a month with much greater certainty than the time he might be permitted to enjoy the salary. Stage drivers were on the pay-roil for two hundred dollars a month, and at stations where in times of safety the wages were only fifty dollars a month, were doubled.

One of the most exposed stations on the Smokey Hill route was Goose creek, about two hundred miles east of Denver. This was a sluggish little stream, deeply impregnated with alkali, and at times and in places it disappeared in the sand altogether, as if ashamed of itself, to come to the surface again for a breath of the desert air. There was a rude barn at Goose creek, in which was kept a relay of horses for the east-bound stages due at 3 a. M., dally. This schedule was subject to changes without any notice to patrons of the line and stages were seldom on time at Goose creek, being late from one hour to four days, according to the time card as revised by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

John was the only man who could be induced to stay at Goose creek. He was entitled to an assistant, but could get no one to share the danger with him, and by an arrangement with the superintendent by which each thought he had the better bargain, John was drawing \$300 a month, half this amount being for a mythical assistant who appeared on the pay-roll, but no where else. The stock-tenders' shack



or shanty at this station was of the picturesque architectural yarlety known as a a side-hill dugont, three of its walls being the solid banks of the hill, while the front was of sods laid as in a wall three feet thick. In this front was a door of pine boards in the upper part of which was a sash with four ten by twelve panes of glass.

Thirty feet from this door was a "monitor fort" commanding the single entrance to the shack. This was a hole in the ground, five feet deep, eight feet across a ground, five feet deep, eight feet across, a wall rising eighteen inches above ground, the whole covered with timbers and a thick layer of sods and earth. There were port-holes in this eighteen-inch wall on every side, while within the fort were eight loaded muskets and one hundred rounds of ammunition.

Within the shack was a stove, the pipe appearing just above the earth being the only indication of a habitation on the hillonly indication of a habitation on the hillside, and when the stove was in operation
the curl of smoke would be more likely to
suggest a smoldering volcano than anything else. By an arrangement of stakes
and rough boards a table had been made,
and similar ingenuity had devised a box
which was filled with prairie hay. On a
few pegs driven into the dirt wall hung
the scart supply of John's wearing apparel, and a shelf was his library, which
consisted of the "Life of John A. Murrell,
the Pirate of the Mississippi," "Dick Turpin," "Leni Leoti," "Rosalie, the Prairie
Flower," and a well-thumbed pack of
Steamboat playing cards. Steamboat playing cards. The sole recognition of art was in a cheap print of John C. Heenan and Tom

Sayers in the prize-ring and ready for bat-tle. Mr. Heenan displayed an exaggerated amount of Irish-American biceps and the amount of Irish-American bloops and the Briton was portrayed with a like preponderance of English punching power.

One afternoon in August John had divested himself of his most intimate companions, a pair of "Colt's navies," and was proceeding with the culinary duties precedent to supper. He was trying to pacify a sputtering skilletful of gravy and at the same time keep a turbulent quart of coffee from boiling over, when he became fee from boiling over, when he became aware of a phenomenon. The light from the door was shut off as by an eclipse, a circumstance that had not been predicted n his almanac.

The eclipse was due to the interposition of the forms of two stalwart Cheyenne brayes. "Ugh," remarked one of these red warriors, sniffing the preparations for supper. "Injun heap hungry." The other, without remark, removed John's revolvers from the peg where he had hung them.

Though John had no contract with the government to feed the red children of the plains, he at once made himself as amiable as any host need be. The Cheyennes scated themselves at the table, and John began to serve the rations. The visitors gan to serve the rations. The visitors placed their own guns within easy reach, while the "navies" they had appropriated lay upon the table beside their tin plates.

As John served the food over their shoulders he showed himself very awkward, and as he went to pour the boiling-hot coffee he stumbled and splashed a liberal quantity over their naked backs. The red brethren were writhing in pain when John met with another mishap. This time he dropped the ecalding coffee altogether, and as he did so snatched the revolvers from the table and began firing as he backed out from the door. A quick run and he made the Mongan to serve the rations. The visitors door. A quick run and he made the Mon-itor fort, into which he dropped through the hole in the top.

Several minutes passed. There was no sound from the shack, but from the barn came an occasional whinny of one of the stage horses. He commanded the only place of exist from the shack and he knew the Cheyennes too well to suppose that

near by who were awaiting their return with a report of the lay of the land. John, within his foot, scanned the horizon, and at the close of an hour, discovered no fewer than ten bunches of feathers, which he rightly judged to belong to as many different reds lying behind sand knoils. Night was coming on, and he well knew that darkness would bring these robbers to the barn and that his scalp might

go with the horses as a part of the proceeds of the foray. The big red san dipped behind the prairie and twilight came on, which was soon succeeded by darkness. Out of the silence came the moan of the west wind, the hoot of the prairie owl and the sharp bark of the coyote. The horses in the barn, deprived of their usual evening feed, whinnied and stamped impatiently. There was no sound from the two prisoners in the shack, and John wondered whether he had really done for them, or were they waiting for darkness to cover their escape.

By this time the impatient and excited horses made it certain to the watcher in the fort that the Indians were near enough to the barn for the horses to get a whiff of to the barn for the horses to get a whiff of them. Soon this was succeeded by snorts and sounds of terror, and he knew that the redskins had gained entrance. He heard the doors fly open and the frightened horses rush out into the night followed by the keen yelp of the braves. Next a faint glow showed through the open door of the barn and then the flames were leaping up the dry boards while the Cheyennes were revealed disappearing over the sand dunes revealed disappearing over the sand dunes

following the horses.
"Is that all?" inquired the reporter of John H. Martin, who told the story, and who, along in the sixties and early seventies, was familiar with life on the plains. Mr. Martin said no, and went on to finish

his narrative. John, knowing the patience of the wily red, waited. He desired to know the exact condition of his guests in the shack. Beside, some other enterprising member of the band might have remained behind. The barn was soon a heap of coals and cinders. These the wind rolled over the sand until in a few hours the place upon which the barn had been was swept almost cleap. Shortly after midnight a horn was heard, blown by the driver of the east-bound stage. It was a welcome sound to John, who, as the horses, panting from their tenmile drive over the heavy sand, came near, crawled out of the hole in the ground.

"Hello, John," said brave old Dick Wright, the driver, throwing down the reins. "what in h-l's up? Red-skins, eh? Get any of 'em?"

"It's a lee-tle am-bi-gu-ous," drawled.
John, placing a huge quid of tobacco in his
cheek; "le's go see." Keeping out of range of the window, they walked to the shack and cautiously opened the door. The half-moon had risen, and by its light they discovered the forms of two Indians—two very, very good Indians, who would never go upon a man-hunting or a horse-stealing expedition again.

tion again.

"And that's how," said Mr. Martin,

"that wiry, nervy cuss, who didn't weigh,
more'n a hundred and ten pounds, got the
nom-de-plume of 'Goose-creek John.'"

### WOMEN SOMETIMES PROPOSE. In the Novels They Do It with Tears, but in Real Life Perhaps Without.

New York Evening Sun. February of this leap year is gone, but there are almost ten months left in which for women to exercise their undoubted privilege. Practically women propose to men much more often than is believed; and curiously the recorded instances, and they are not few, show that ladies exercise the privilege without reference to

leap year.
The ideal relation between man and woman is when Atalanta runs and Hippowoman is when Atalanta runs and Hippomenes pursues. But Atalanta is so incumbered with garments that she can no longer run. Her change in costume illustrates the network of restraining costumes with which civilization has entangled her movements. The dear girl can now only linger about, and use the signals left her, her coquetry and her tears; and if now and then she solves the situation more summarily it is not surprising. This she does in her own way.

marily it is not surprising. This she does in her own way.

Lady Geraldine, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," woos "Mister" Bertram with engaging frankness and chivalrous devotion; and, moreover, endows him with all her worldly goods—not in phrase, but in fact. Elaine's wooing of Launcelot, the most determined advocate of women's rights would agree, goes too far. Elaine, indeed, is as forward a young woman as is produced in either literature or life. The advantages of a delicate constitution are seen in the immunity accorded to her conduct.

But it is not alone the poets who record the proposals made by women to men. Lady Castlewood virtually proposed to Henry Esmond, talling on her knees in an appropriate manner, with burning words, but, alas, with tears. In "Middlemarch" Dorothea proposed to Will Ladislaw, not without encouragement, certainly. However, Will only spoke of love. "But we can marry some

On the contrary, in Miss Wilkins's latest story, Juliza, the heroine, a straightforward girl, proposes frankly to the young man with whom she was keeping company, as they went home from singing-school. He hesitates and she thinks he is coy. He still hesitates, and she asks him if he loves another. He confesses that he does; then Juliza helps him to win her. In "Castle Richmond" Trollope makes his elderly Countess propose without crying, and she

The proposal of the Queen of England to Prince Albert, which she has recorded herself, is a notable instance in real life, Without evidence it has always been supposed that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts took the iniative in her marriage. That Mrs. Hopkins-Searles proposed Mr. Searles has testified on his oath. Mrs. Searles, in fact, proposed several times and was re-

### Pretty Easter Favors in Paper. Philadelphia Press.

The different kinds of fancy and useful articles made of paper are on the increase. Easter favors and favors for the Easter germans are the latest, and are all made of violet paper of the same shade. The very latest favor ordered and designed by a lady of this city for a german on Easter Monday is a dainty heart-shaped cigarette-holder and another fancy-shaped box tilled with candy matches. As a dinner favor the same thing is used, only in the shape of an ordinary cigarette-box. These are passed around to the gentlemen with the coifee, and to the ladies are given the same kind of boxes filled with bon-bons in the shape of eggs. A unique idea for draping a toilet table at a country house is to use the imported French crepe paper instead of muslin. The stand, looking-glass, and drapery above the looking-glass are of paper and strewn here and there with bunches of violets. It is something quite new, fresh and cool, be-sides producing a very pretty effect. The latest flowers reproduced in paper are orehids, and the imitation is wonderfully real. Pinks, violets, buttercups, and

wild roses are also well made and are much used for timming hats.

### Two Classes of Pinnists. William Mason, in the Century,

There must always be two general classes of planists-those whose interpretation changes with every mood, while the playing always remains poetic, fervent, artistic and inspired, because it is imposfor them to do violence to the musical nature which they have received by the grace of God. and others whose playing lacks warmth and abandon, notwithstanding the fact that it is careful, conscientious, artistic, and in the highest degree tinished. The performances of the latter are invariably uniform, and are exact to such a degree that one can anticipate with great accuracy each accent, emphasis, nuance and turning of phrase from beginning to end. Of these classes Rubenstein and Bulow present good illustrations in contrast.

# Two Halves,

Philadelphia Record.